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THE ROSE

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY





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THE ROSE

By
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



Decorated by
Emily Hall Chamberlain



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THE ROSE

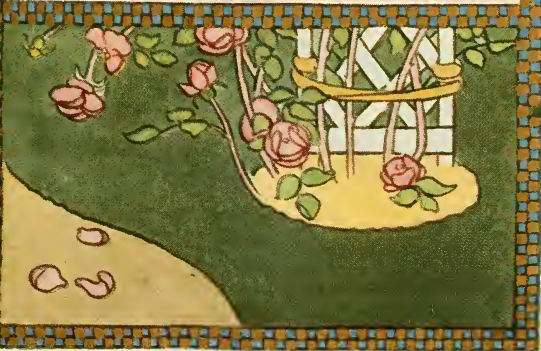



Tossed its head at
the wooing breeze;
And the sun, like
a bashful swain,
Beamed on it
through the waving trees
With a passion all in vain,—
For my rose laughed
in a crimson glee,
And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.



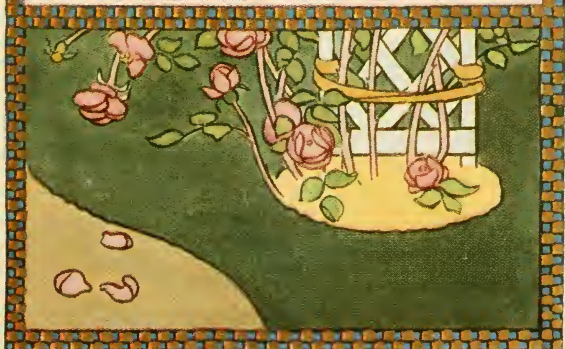



The honey-bee
came there to sing
His love through
the languid hours,
And vaunt of his hives,
as a proud old king
Might boast of his
palace-towers :
But my rose bowed
in a mockery,
And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.





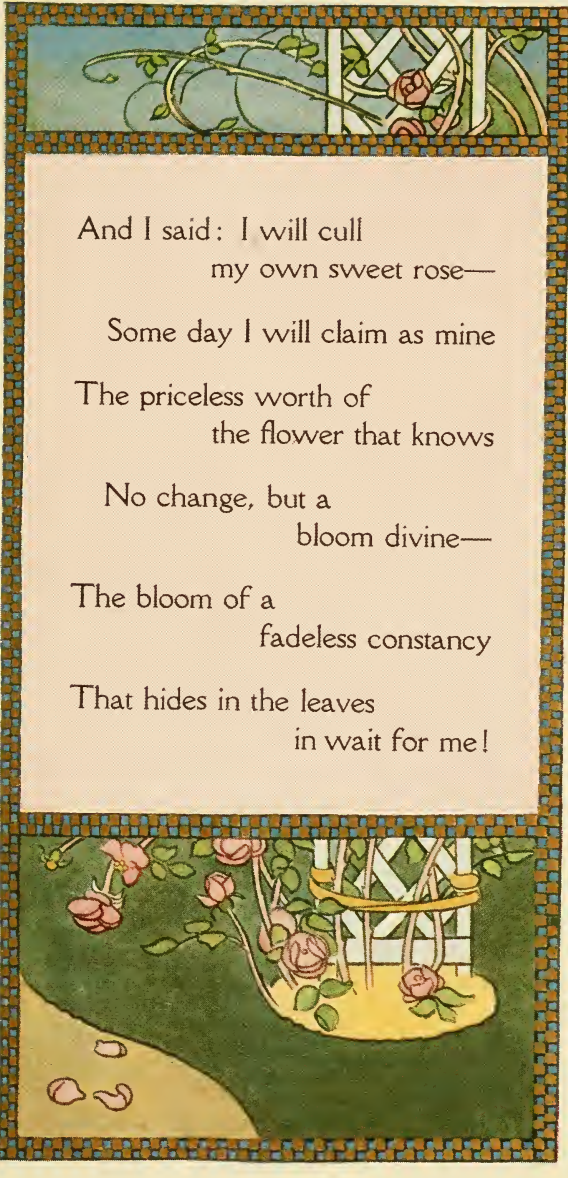
The humming-bird,
like a courtier gay,
Dipped down with
a dalliant song,
And twanged his wings
through the roundelay
Of love the whole day long :
Yet my rose turned
from his minstrelsy
And hid in the leaves
in wait for me.





The firefly came
 in the twilight dim
My red, red rose to woo—
Till quenched was the
 flame of love in him
And the light of
 his lantern too,
As my rose wept
 with dewdrops three
And hid in the leaves
 in wait for me.





And I said: I will cull
my own sweet rose—
Some day I will claim as mine
The priceless worth of
the flower that knows
No change, but a
bloom divine—
The bloom of a
fadeless constancy
That hides in the leaves
in wait for me!



But time passed by
 in a strange disguise,

And I marked it not, but lay


In a lazy dream,
 with drowsy eyes,

Till the summer slipped away,

And a chill wind sang
 in a minor key:

“Where is the rose
 that waits for thee?”





I dream to-day,
 o'er a purple stain
Of bloom on a withered stalk,
Pelted down by the autumn rain
In the dust of the garden-walk,
That an Angel-rose
 in the world to be
Will hide in the leaves
 in wait for me.





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